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Address of
Mr. Joseph F. Tuttle, Jr.
of Colorado.

Amusements in Detroit in Colonial Days

Paper of
Mr. Clarence M. Burton
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P a t r i o t i s m

Address by
Rev. Samuel S. Marquis, D. D.



Delivered at the Annual Dinner of the
Society of Colonial Wars

May Seventh, Nineteen Hundred Nine

at the Detroit Club
Detroit, Mich.



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SPEAKER-HINES PRESS
DETROIT

C. M. Burton

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ADDRESS OF TOASTMASTER

TOASTMASTER PENDLETON: Members of the Colonial Wars in the State of Michigan. This society is no exception to the rule, that behind every successful organization there stands the inspiration of a personality. To no one does this society owe so much for its existence and its continued prosperity as to Theodore Horatio Eaton. (Applause.) We sympathize with him tonight in the bereavement that has made his presence impossible. Indeed we have, each of us, lost a friend in the death of Dr. Clark. Few men had the clairvoyant insight to see that which is best in every other man. But few men gave so generously of a high and noble friendship. His life passed quietly, serenely among us, like the flowing of an even river glinted by the sunlight, a blessing to mankind, reflecting the image of heaven.

There is another name that will always be associated with that of Dr. Clark when we meet around this table, for this place is gathering, not only associations of festivity and social life, but also sacred associations. We shall never meet here without recalling the magnificent physique and the cultured mind of Alfred Russell, as he stood here, when the thunderbolt was hurled from the hand of Jove and he fell

"As falls on Mount Olympus, a thunder-stricken oak,
Far o'er the crashing forest, its giant arms lie spread,
And the pale waters muttering low, gaze on the stricken head."

It is with a sense of relief and with joy that tonight we turn our faces toward the West. Indeed, until within a few years ago, our gaze was so steadily fixed upon the East that our necks were

becoming awry, and it was almost with a sense of pain that we brought ourselves to turn our faces toward the hills whence we realize that our help has come. For we are beginning to appreciate that as the spirit of the colonies in the early days aroused the lethargy of the conservative governments of Europe, so now the spirit of the western land is arousing the conservatism of our own eastern country. Even here in Detroit, the water that flows by our doors comes from the snow-capped hills of the Rockies. Through deep subterranean channels passes along that tremendous flood of water that supplies the tideless and unsalted seas that are always full to the brim but never overflow. Perhaps the associations of some of us with this mountainous region, from which our honored guest has come tonight, are only connected with commercial matters, possibly with stockholders' meetings: first a mine, then a miner, and then a minus. (Laughter.) But, unless history shall fail to repeat itself, the Citadel of Liberty and Freedom in this country will be where the mountain air keeps the blood red and where Heaven is nearest to earth. In the old patriarchal days, it was rather a hazardous thing for a man to come into the city of the plains. We trust that our honored guest tonight will escape the fire and the brimstone, and we would suggest that on his return, he take a Pullman, with his seat looking forward, lest he may, perchance, be overtaken by the unfortunate fate that fell to the retrospective Mrs. Lot. (Laughter.)

It is with peculiar pleasure we have as our honored guest tonight, a man who is well known among the patriotic societies in this country; and we are to be addressed this evening upon the subject, "The Paul Revere of the West." I take great pleasure in introducing Mr. Joseph F. Tuttle, Jr. of Colorado. (Applause.)

“THE PAUL REVERE OF THE WEST”

ADDRESS OF
MR. JOSEPH F. TUTTLE, JR.
OF COLORADO.

MR. TUTTLE: Mr. Toastmaster and Members of the Society of Colonial Wars in the State of Michigan. You will permit me, gentlemen, to express my most profound sense of the honor you have conferred, in asking me to be present with you this evening. I greatly appreciate it; as I did the kind words of Mr. Eaton, Mr. Fyfe and Mr. Bates at the Buffalo Congress of the Sons of the American Revolution last April. And I much appreciate the many attentions and courtesies you have extended to him who is literally a stranger within the gates of your city; indeed, it seems if one more were extended, it would be a sort of last straw, or perhaps, the last feather old Father Peter Cartwright alluded to in one of his great revival services. As we all know, he was a powerful exhorter, and would occasionally get the power. He had in one of his congregations a good sister, so-called, in the bond of christian courtesy, who was an equally famous exhortress, and she would occasionally get the power. When they got the power together in the same service, Bedlam was just let loose. One night as they were in a neck and neck race for the rhetorical honors of the evening, the good sister closed an unusually fervent appeal, with a look of triumph at her rival in the pulpit, by shouting out “Oh, if I had just one more feather in the wings of my faith, I would fly away tonight and be at rest with

my Lord." And old Father Cartwright shouted out, from the pulpit, at the top of his voice, "Stick in that other feather, Lord, and let her go." (Laughter.)

Emerson has this very striking remark, gentlemen, that the best history, that true history is biography; that men are but the pages of history, and in that sense, I dearly love the study of our American history. In dwelling so much upon these historical and biographical subjects, I am sometimes afraid that the same fate may overtake me which Mr. Lincoln said overtook a certain lawyer friend of his in Illinois. They had been very stubbornly contesting a certain case in the law courts of the 8th District, and when the time came for submitting the arguments to the jury, Mr. Lincoln arose and said, "Gentlemen of the Jury, for reasons which are deplorable, as they are surprising, every time my friend on the opposite side of this case opens his mouth to talk, all his mental operations cease at once. And Gentlemen," said he, "the only thing with which my friend's lamentable condition can be compared, is a little steamboat that used to ply in the early 30s on the Sangamon River, when I was performing my part as a common keel flatboat man on that river. This little boat used to wheeze and snort up and down the river. It had a five-foot boiler, and a seven foot whistle, and every time it whistled, it stopped." (Laughter.) Now, there will be much whistling and blowing here tonight, but we will endeavor to keep moving.

This last winter, you will indulge me to say, I crossed over every pass of the Rocky Mountains, from the beautiful Glorietta Pass on the south in New Mexico, to the famous historic South Pass on the north, in Wyoming, crossing the mountains some fifteen or sixteen times; and so I have come to you with all the fervor of spirit, with all the imagination, with all the color that I could possibly absorb for this little story you shall hear tonight. During that time, I often traversed the old Santa Fe trail, and the old Utah and California trails on the

Western Slope, until a few days ago, I stood on the old Fort Hall Reservation in Idaho;—Fort Hall, the most important of all the Hudson Bay Company's outposts, and the place where that Company, with its muskrat skins, and beaver skins, made its last stand in its great fight with the United States for the supremacy of the country from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean. As I say, I stood there, where four great historic trails merge into one. You can see them on this map. First there was the great historic trail of Capt. Hunt of the John Jacob Astor expedition of 1810; second the great Capt. Bonneville trail of 1831; third, the great Oregon Trail of 1840, and then, fourth, the John C. Fremont exploring expedition of 1843. They are all marked upon this map issued by the Interior Department. I followed them for 300 miles along the Snake River, and up the beautiful Boise Valley, ever hearing the music of the union of the old trails, ever touching elbows and keeping step with those great empire-builders of the West, till at last, the old trails disappeared in the mists of the Blue mountains in Oregon. I had then traversed over a large part of that great historic trail, the greatest of all trails of the Northwest, over which the Paul Revere of the West came spurring out of the north one day in the autumn of 1842, with a letter in his hand that must be delivered post-haste to Garcia.

Virgil sang of Arms and the Man. I tonight, of the Man only. And now, let him this evening only be known as the Man. He will make good every royal attribute of a man. In 1836, this Man had been sent out by a certain religious society in Boston, under the auspices of the American Board of Foreign Missions, to the far northwest as a missionary. On the 3rd day of October, 1842, he was sitting, a solitary American guest at the annual feast of the Hudson Bay Company at Fort Walla Walla, now in the State of Washington. As the festivities were in progress that day a courier suddenly dashed up to the door, from Fort Colville, 300 miles away, with

this announcement, that an English colony of 140 persons was then on its way up the Columbia River to found a settlement upon the Columbia, and so hold all that country of the Northwest for England; as you know, all that country was held in a joint title of occupancy between the years 1818 and 1846 by England and the United States, it being a tacit understanding between the two nations that emigration would eventually settle the question. In the moment following that announcement, a young English priest jumped to his feet, and excitedly shouted, "Hurrah! We have now got the country, America is too late." But then you should have seen the sudden transformation in this humble missionary of the Cross, as with eyes snapping with righteous anger, and cheeks flushed with indignation, he pushed himself back from the table, at the first convenient unobserved moment, and in two hours' time had pulled up his foam-flecked pony before his cabin door twenty-five miles away; shouted out the English plot before he had dismounted, and his determination to at once set out on horseback, and inform Daniel Webster of the English plot. None could dissuade him, he must go. He said that the Webster-Ashburton Treaty was pending before the Senate, and that the question must be settled before Congress adjourned on the 4th of March. "Even if the American Board dismiss me, I shall do all I can to save the Northwest to the Union" were his last words, as within twenty-four hours he swung himself into the saddle and galloped down the trail for Washington and Daniel Webster, home and wife behind him, winter, four thousand miles as he was to ride, and the Rocky Mountains, before him.

With Gen. Amos Lovejoy, a nephew of the distinguished Amos Lawrence of Boston, and his Indian guides, he bounded over the trail through Fort Hall. At Fort Hall he took a southeasterly direction, and finally came to what is known as Fort Bridger, about fifty miles south of the present City of Evanston, Wyoming. Then he crossed the



The start from the Columbia. "The Man" on the right.

Uintah Mountains, and finally came to Fort Uintah in the extreme northeast corner of Utah, and then crossed over the line into that enchanted country—you will pardon me gentlemen for saying I love,—Colorado. (Applause.) Then he followed down the Grand River Valley, covered then with deep snow, until he came to the junction of the Eagle and the Grand Rivers. As I was many times this winter at that place, I wondered why the man did not proceed in an easterly direction up the Eagle instead of following the Grand River. If he had done that, and come out over Tennessee pass, and then into that beautiful plain where the City of Leadville is, he would have found the headwaters of the Arkansas River, and then, following that river down through the broad open country until it narrows in the Royal Gorge, to about twenty-five feet, would have come to Bent's Fort, which was his objective point. But he did not do this, and kept following this southeasterly direction down the Grand River until he crossed the river near where the present City of Grand Junction, in Colorado, is. He found that river running with an angry current of eighteen hundred feet wide, and full of ice cakes. He dismounted, cut a stout sapling, and then mounting the old lead animal of the pack train, ordered Gen. Lovejoy and his guides to push him into that angry current, and they did so. He was completely submerged for a few seconds, but rising to the surface, commenced the battle for life out in the middle of that river, as he pushed away the floating ice-cakes from his faithful horse as he was breasting that strong current, until finally he reached the other side, jumped upon the icy bank, and then with his stick broke a channel through the ice, through which he led his horse safely up the bank. Then he still keeps up this southeasterly direction, following up the Gunnison River to the place where Delta, Colorado, now is; and there, leaving the Gunnison, followed up the Uncompahgre River, and up the beautiful Uncompahgre valley where are now Delta, Olathe and

Montrose; and still 12 miles beyond the place where Montrose now is, to old Fort Uncompahgre. He then crossed over the great Divide, still following this southeasterly course, was lost for ten days in Hinsdale County wandering helplessly through the deep snow, unable to extricate himself; and one day was shut up in a box canon all day, and the party actually gave itself up for lost, and sat like sheeted spectres on their horses, calmly awaiting death. Suddenly the old Mexican guide noticed the peculiar twitching of one of the pack mule's ears, and thoroughly understanding the mule nature, he told this Man that the old mule had a wireless to deliver; they took that wireless, and it was this: "Take off my packs and give me my head, and if I live, I will get you out of this." And they took off the old fellow's packs, gave him his head, and then the old mule commenced to flounder through the snow. Finally he led them along the edges of rocky precipices, and through steep defiles, until at one place, the most unexpected to every one of the party, the old mule made a straight plunge down the steep mountain bank, and in a little while—and all this, Gentlemen, upon the written statement of General Lovejoy—led the party safely back to the smoking embers of their morning camp fire.

The rebellion of this Man's guide, at this critical juncture, who absolutely refused to proceed any farther, as he said that the deep snows had completely obliterated all his knowledge of the country; an extra ride for this Man over the trail back to Fort Uncompahgre for another guide, a journey of seven days to go, and eight or nine days to return, leaving General Lovejoy alone upon the mountains, to care for the animals, as best he could. General Lovejoy's sole companion during these eighteen or nineteen days of this Man's absence, was a faithful little dog, that had thrown in its fortunes with the party on the trail. And the General speaks of this little dog cuddling under the blankets at night as if in an endeavor to keep his master warm. But it is

pitiful to read, that in a few days after this, General Lovejoy was so pressed with hunger, as his friend did not return, that he was obliged to kill and eat that faithful little dog. Finally the Man returned and the party kept on in a southeasterly direction until they came to the country which was made tragic, five years later, by that terrible catastrophe which happened to John C. Fremont and his exploring expedition of 1848, where so many of his men were frozen to death; then still in a southeasterly direction, and here is the secret of it. He had heard at Fort Walla Walla, before he started, or somewhere on the trail, of the desirability of finding the headwaters of the Rio Grande del Norte River, and he finally found them in what is now Rio Grande County in Colorado. He then followed that river down through the country where are now Creede and Wagon Wheel Gap, and came out into the beautiful San Luis Valley, still following the banks of the river until he crossed into New Mexican territory, and then on to Fort Taos, and finally sixty-five miles farther south, to Santa Fe, hoping by that long detour of a thousand miles, to get in touch with some eastern outfit for safe journey across the plains, which he heard were infested with bands of hostile Indians. Disappointed in this, this Man then took the old Santa Fe trail, which commenced there at Santa Fe, and doubled back into Colorado, or rather, what is now Colorado, coming into Colorado that second time about where the City of Trinidad now is. On the 29th of December—this was in 1842—he met George Bent on the trail, one of the famous Bent brothers, who had built Bent's Fort on the Arkansas River in 1828. Bent informed him that a large party of mountaineers were to leave Bent's Fort for the Missouri River in a few days, and if he would get in touch with them, he must hurry on with his fleetest horse, and leave General Lovejoy to follow with the packs. He did so, and then this Man disappeared for seven days, as completely as if he had been swallowed up by the

earth. He was lost and alone somewhere on the mountains between the sites of the present cities of Trinidad and Pueblo. He finally emerged from his wanderings, picked up the old Santa Fe trail he had lost a few days before, and then followed the trail down the north bank of the Arkansas River until he came to Bent's Fort.

Bent's Fort, what a magic name it was in those days of the 30s and the 40s! It was the residence of Francis P. Blair for two years, the same Francis P. Blair who ran for Vice-President on the ticket with Horatio Seymour in 1868. It was the favorite rendezvous of such choice spirits of the western trails as Kit Carson, who was its official hunter for eight years; of old Parson Bill Williams, who was Fremont's scout in Hinsdale County, when Fremont lost so many men in his disastrous expedition of 1848, and Oliver P. Wiggins of Denver, now in the 89th year of his age, whom I have the great pleasure to know, and who has told me many times of those days. Much of the color you are getting tonight, comes from the lips of Oliver P. Wiggins, and not from books. One day in the Denver Post Office, where Mr. Wiggins, a few years ago, was a special policeman, without my leading up to it at all, he told me that in the winter of 1843 he heard that a man rode across the Rocky Mountains to Washington, and that that ride, in the middle of the winter, was the talk of all the mountain and plains men.

Bent's Fort was built 185 feet on the ground. Its walls were eighteen feet high, and four feet thick. I have a little picture of it here; you will perhaps enjoy seeing it later. The walls were four feet thick and looped all around for musketry. Three little cannons were planted on the bastions of Bent's Fort, and from the diary of John Fremont I get this little dash of color;—he says that "On the first day of July, 1844, we came to Bent's Fort, and as we emerged from the cottonwoods on the banks of the river, they ran up the flag on the staff of the Fort," and then these three little cannons barked out their



KIT. CARSON.

noisy welcome to Fremont and his party of 1844.

An amusing story is told by Col. Ingham that at one time in the 30s Old Wolf, the big Chief of the Comanche Indians, came to Bent's Fort with several hundred of his Indian braves, to visit his friends the Bent brothers, or in other words, to stay just as long as the Bent larder lasted. One night, the roystering spirits of the fort got Old Wolf in the fort, got him drunk, and then, not to be outdone in the courtesies which should exist between host and guests, they proceeded to put themselves on a level with their distinguished guest, and got drunk themselves. In the wild orgies of the night, some one put some blank cartridges in those three little cannons and fired them off, pointing them at the Indian tepees outside. The Indians, thoroughly frightened, scampered away, and returning at midnight, completely invested the fort and clamored loudly for the immediate release of Old Wolf. Then those fellows in the Fort realized their predicament very quickly and sobered up; and they hoisted Old Wolf up on the parapet, propped him up, as he was too far gone to be of any material assistance to himself, and then ordered him to make a speech to his assembled braves outside, in which he told them that he was "Never heaper all right, never heaper happier in all his life, and for them to go back to their tepees, and mind their own business."

I can imagine this Man galloping up to Bent's Fort that night of January 6th, 1843, almost the only night he was to sleep under a roof since he had entered what is now Colorado the preceding November. And I can further see him that night standing in one of the great compartments in the ruddy blaze of the fire-logs on the hearth, and thrilling his auditors of scouts, of soldiers, of officers and of Indians, with his story, how he is riding hard to save the northwest to the Union; how he swam the Grand River; how he was lost for ten days upon the mountains, in what is now Hinsdale County, Colorado; and the hearts of his auditors are glow-

ing with love of their country, as they hear that story, for the brave mountaineering element in history and in Colorado has always been "on the side of the right and of the Union." And then I can see them the next morning, crowding to the old wooden gates to wish this Man Godspeed upon his journey.

Bent's Fort! half way! three months in the saddle! his companion General Lovejoy and all his guides broken down and left behind from the terrible exposure of the mountains. On the morning of January 7th, 1843—for he stayed at Bent's Fort but one night—this Paul Revere of the West took the trail alone, and came flying up through the country where Las Animas, Granada and Holly, Fort Aubrey, Dodge City, Hutchinson and Great Bend now are; and then finally to Westport on the Missouri River, now a suburb of Kansas City, where he reeled off the last of the eight hundred and twenty-five miles of the old Santa Fe Trail. As he had come into the settlements, he had commenced to distribute little rude circulars of this wonderful Eldorado of the Northwest, "Good wagon road over the mountains," and in such enthusiasm passed through St. Louis, and then on to Washington, where it is said he arrived on the afternoon of March 3rd, 1843, exactly five months from that day when he had spurred down the valley from Fort Walla Walla.

When Daniel Webster said "Come in" that afternoon, in response to the knock at his office door, there walked in a man enveloped in a great Buffalo overcoat, with a great buffalo overhood attached, in which he had slept for fifty nights in the snow before his camp fire, in crossing the Rocky mountains, and his first words were: "Mr. Webster, what of the treaty?" "Why Man,"—said Daniel Webster—"the treaty, it was signed two months before you set out. It was proclaimed the law of the land while you were lost on the mountains, and besides, the Northwest was not mentioned in the Webster-Ashburton Treaty." What a staggering



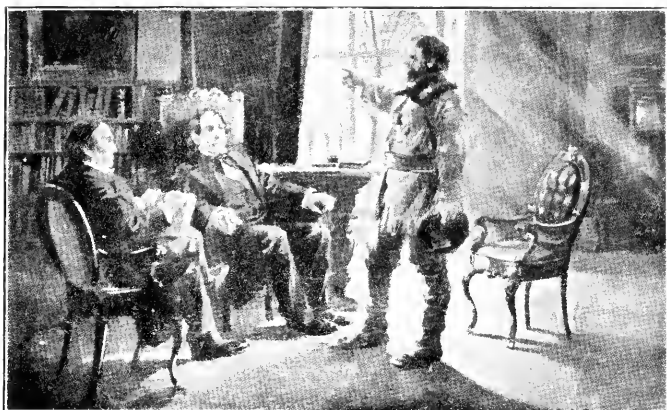
"Bent's Fort, Colorado, on the Arkansas, built in 1828."

blow that was! But this Man parried it by dashing around Washington as he had done over the mountains and up the Santa Fe Trail. President John Tyler and his Secretary, Daniel Webster, became infected with this Man's enthusiasm; and to me, the one supreme psychological moment of the whole history of the Northwest was that day, when this Man, dressed in his blue duffle coat, a coat, you know, made out of a closely woven Mackinaw blanket, with fur undergarments, buckskin breeches, fur leggings and boot moccasins, and face gridironed all over with the terrible frosts of the mountains, stood before John Tyler, President, and his Secretary, Daniel Webster, in the White House, and with passionate eloquence pleaded with them to save the Northwest to the Union. Just at this very critical moment, Mr. Webster met the British Minister one day on the streets of Washington; and this Minister, no doubt, having been secretly informed by Sir George Simpson, who was then Governor of the Hudson Bay Company and was spending that winter in Washington, of his intended sending of a colony from the Red River Country in the British Possessions down the Columbia, so as to form a colony there, and hold all that country for England; this British Minister said to Mr. Webster: "Now Mr. Webster, the shortest way out of this difficulty is to let immigration settle the question." And Daniel Webster said to him: "Sir, we will let immigration settle this question." And then Daniel Webster and John Tyler took this Man aside and whispered into his frost-bitten ear: "If you will only get your immigrants there by next fall, we will hold the Northwest to the United States." And Daniel Webster that very day sat down and paid the first installment of this magnificent promise, as he wrote to the British Minister in Washington, these exact words: "England must not expect anything south of the 49th parallel," which you know is the present north line of the State of Washington.

Then, this Man disappeared from Washington, and the next that we hear of him is in Boston, where he went to visit the religious society which had sent him out as a missionary. Swimming the Grand River, and fighting for life with the floating ice-floes, was a hot bath, as compared with the chilly reception it is said he received from that society which said to him substantially: "We sent you to the Northwest to save souls, not to save territory to the United States."

No meet for a chase was ever called, which had in it such magnetic charm as that June meet on the banks of the Missouri River in 1843 at Westport. This Man was there, organizing, over-seeing, and electrifying. People were gathering from the North, East and South. One man named Zachary came clear from Texas, having received one of those rude little circulars. The last wagon was packed, and the canvas stretched over the great hoops, a proud moment for this Man as he saw two hundred wagons wheel into line, with eight hundred and seventy-five immigrants and thirteen hundred head of cattle and horses, all headed for the distant Northwest.

Proceeding in detachments about ten days to two weeks apart, so as to give an opportunity for the grasses to spring up as forage for the detachments to follow, they filed out of Westport on the old Santa Fe Trail. This they followed for seventy-five miles, until they came to a point now called Waseruka on the Santa Fe Railroad, and there the great trail forked. The southern fork was the one up which he had galloped three months before, and led directly down to Bent's Fort in Colorado; and the north fork of that trail was the trail which has been made classic in the history of the West by the pen of Francis Parkman, as the great Oregon Trail. You will recall how beautifully Eva Emery Dye has written of this western movement to the sea; she says: "Many a love was plighted on this long march from the Missouri River to the sea. Buffalo



"The Man" in the White House, before President Tyler and Daniel Webster.

hunters swept in from their raids, and scouts reported from their Indian trails; and there in that little company were future generals and governors and future United States senators, eminent lawyers, physicians and divines of the Northwest. There was McCarver, who founded Burlington, Iowa; and afterwards Sacramento, California; and then Tacoma, Washington. There in that little company was marching Peter H. Burnett, the first Governor of California; and there in that little company of Captain John C. Fremont, which had been deputized by the United States Government, as an escort, to see this train of immigrants safely across the plains of Kansas and Nebraska, was William Gilpin, the first Governor of Colorado."

All the historians agree that in the last week of June—this was in 1843—these immigrants were marching along the south fork of the North Platte River, and that on the 7th July they crossed over a distance of some 40 or 50 miles to follow the North Platte up to Fort Laramie. And as if Colorado could not keep herself out of this magic chapter of the winning of the West, John C. Fremont, with his little party, then followed down the south fork of the North Platte River, on and on, until in the words of his diary of 1843 he says: "We camped at a little place just a few yards south of where Cherry Creek empties itself into the Platte River," a place which I have been assured by Mr. Wiggins, the venerable scout I have alluded to, was a little spring which was the favorite rendezvous of John C. Fremont and Kit Carson and whose site I have often visited, and is now in the heart of the City of Denver.

Of all the difficulties which beset this Man on his homeward ride with his immigrants that summer of 1843, none could be compared to the jealousies and hatreds of the Hudson Bay Company, particularly of Captain Grant and his associates at Fort Hall. Rivers, snows, mountains, and ice floods were but gentle mosquito irritations to the troubles these

sharpers of the Hudson Bay Company gave him. One of the historians—Barrows—mentions that a curious feature of this Man's first trip over the mountains in 1836, was an old wagon, which he was determined to get through to the Pacific Coast, to demonstrate to the people of the East the feasibility of immigration over the Rocky Mountains. Though the Hudson Bay Company, at that time, were without a rival from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific, and were hardly less inferior to the power on the throne, yet they fairly shook in their shoes at the sight and sound of that old wagon! It was dismembered, dragged piece by piece over the old Trail, ingloriously dwindled to the dimensions of a cart, the hind wheels loaded on and carried as freight; but through the indomitable will of this Man, those wheels ever kept rolling towards the Pacific, and finally arrived there in the spring of 1837. Bitterly the Hudson Bay Company at Fort Hall now repented, so this historian says, of letting that old wagon through seven years before; for now here at the gates of Fort Hall and coming up the dusty eastern trail from Fort Laramie, were two hundred emigrant wagons; they argued with the immigrants, persuaded, and threatened them, tried to deflect them from the old Oregon trail, till it seemed as if that long ride had been in vain, and perhaps it would have been, had it not been for the assuring presence of some friendly Indians who had come to meet their old teacher and safely escort him to his home. "And so" as the historian says "these old wagons creaked and groaned, rolled and tossed till they awoke welcoming echoes in the canons of the Columbia."

There is a light over the Blue Mountains in Oregon, and flying hoofs, with the music of the Union in their beat, are striking fire upon the great Oregon Trail, to light it up for those immigrants who are following, the "Army of Occupation," which saved all the Northwest to the Union. Again, the sound of a horse's hoofs is striking upon the

ear of an anxious and solicitous wife, and as a reward for her patient waiting and watching at her lone cabin door, as a reward for her noble sacrifice of her husband to his country in that crisis of its history, Marcus Whitman is riding from out the shadow of the Blue Mountains, and is soon clasping her in his arms, three months from the Missouri River, and exactly eleven months to a day from the day when he started from Fort Walla Walla on that eastern ride. On that 3rd day of September, 1843, Marcus Whitman brought his wife the first tidings of himself since he had started away from his cabin door on the 3rd day of October, 1842.

And now, what had he done? Just in a word, gentlemen. He had unclutched the fingers of a foreign power that had stretched out its long arm over the sea, and had seized in one fell swoop, all the country lying south of the present north line of the State of Washington, clear down to the Columbia River, and then, by a shadowy title that England had set up, still farther south to the present north line of the States of California, Nevada and Utah; then eastward to take in twenty thousand square miles of the State of Wyoming; then north along the great Rocky Mountain range to the British Possessions, and then west along the 49th parallel to the sea, an area which comprises parts of the present States of Montana, of Wyoming and all of the States of Washington, Oregon and Idaho;—an area of over three hundred thousand square miles; six times as large as your State of Michigan; two and a half times as large as Great Britain and Ireland combined; twice as large as our present colonial possessions, huge as they are, Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Philippines; or to throw it in another form, an area equal to Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Ohio, Michigan, and one-half of Indiana combined. And of that magnificent achievement, Daniel Webster wrote to a friend in his later years:

“Had it not been for Dr. Marcus Whitman and his fellow missionaries, it is safe to say that all of the great Oregon country would now be owned by England and by the Hudson Bay Company.” For that splendid service to his country, Marcus Whitman and his faithful wife, Narcissa Prentiss Whitman, are sleeping tonight in martyrs’ graves in that far country, where Bryant says, “Rolls the Mighty Oregon,” horribly butchered and mutilated after his return from that ride by members of his own mission station, members of his own Sunday school, who were fearful lest the great tide of immigration he had evoked from the east, should drive them from their hunting grounds.

And now, in these closing words let me say, gentlemen, that as we are sitting here tonight beneath the protecting folds of this dear old Flag, this poem without words, this song without music, this benediction ever upon us without the laying on of hands, all of the stars are shining brightly tonight in its blue field, but six of them, to me, with peculiarly sparkling lustre;—Oregon the 33rd, Colorado the 38th, that State that had put those fiery frost scars on the face of Marcus Whitman as her special brand-royal of a hero and a patriot; Montana the 41st, Washington the 42nd, Idaho the 43rd, Wyoming the 44th, and soon it is thought to be the star of a new State, to be formed out of the fifty thousand extra square miles of the old Oregon country in the western part of Montana, in the north corner of Idaho, and in the eastern part of Washington, with Spokane as its capital, and to be called by the magic name of Lincoln;—each of those five stars of the Northwest, set in the firmament home of the old Flag by this Paul Revere of the West who rode across the Rocky Mountains in dead of winter, with a letter in his hand superscribed “Daniel Webster, Secretary of State, Washington, District of Columbia,” and down in the corner these magic words—Oh! I love to think of them even in

fancy—"Via Colorado!" (Long continued applause.)

MR. BATES: I want to say a word right here I went to the Denver Congress two years ago, and heard this magnificent story of the conquest of the Northwest to the Union delivered by our most distinguished guest, whom we asked to come here for the benefit of this Society, and it gives me great pleasure to know and hear him tonight; and I move that the thanks of this Society be tendered to our very distinguished friend, by rising.

TOASTMASTER: You have heard the motion. All in favor please express it by rising.

MR. TUTTLE: I thank you very much, gentlemen.

TOASTMASTER: We shall never forget Marcus Whitman, and I am sure, we will never forget our honored guest, Mr. Tuttle. (Applause.) I can only faintly express our gratitude that he can be with us tonight.

It was Voltaire who said "Mankind had lost their title deeds, Montesquieu recovered and restored them." You will not think that mention of title deeds is going to bring "the shop" into the house, because those of us, and that means all of us, who know him so well, are aware of the telescopic vision of Mr. Burton, of the breadth of his mind, and that for him Arpents and French Concession have expanded into international boundaries, and that the name of the old French settlers, Batiste Chauvin, Louis St. Aubin and the rest, have been transfigured into voyageurs from sunny France, and that with his historical instinct and enthusiasm, it has been impossible for him to become satisfied until his secretaries were busily at work in Montreal and Paris; and until he had garnered the most valuable collection of original documents in existence anywhere, upon the early French settlements, and recovered and restored them safe from the dust of ages and from the tooth of time.

It is stated that when Alexander the Great stood upon the tomb of Achilles, he said "How fortunate was Achilles in having such a herald as Homer to proclaim his exploits." How fortunate is Detroit, in having such a herald as Burton to transcribe and proclaim her exploits! (Applause.)

Mr. Burton will speak to us tonight upon "Amusements in Detroit in Colonial Days." (Applause.)

MR. BURTON: I have been exceedingly interested in the talk of Mr. Tuttle; and it recalls to my mind the stories that my father and mother told me years ago of their trip over this Santa Fe Trail where, a few months preceding my birth, they went from the State of Michigan to the State of California up in the mountains, where I was born. I am sure that this has been to me, probably, more interesting than it has to most of you for recalling these old stories. The story that I am to tell you tonight is so purely local that it cannot excite in you any of that enthusiasm that has followed the recital of Mr. Tuttle, but it may give you a little idea of how, not our ancestors but our predecessors, lived in this little village of ours before it came to be the great city that it is now. Of course, I am compelled to rely upon notes. I could not commit such a matter as this to memory, and you will excuse me in that respect. (Applause.)

AMUSEMENTS IN DETROIT IN COLONIAL DAYS

PAPER OF
MR. CLARENCE M. BURTON
OF DETROIT.

On the 24th day of July in the year 1701, there landed on the shore of the Detroit River, a company of soldiers and artisans, under the command of Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac. This Company consisted of fifty soldiers and fifty civilians comprising all the trades useful for a frontier settlement. Cadillac, the commandant, had been commissioned by the French Government to locate a fort and village on the Detroit River at such a point as would command the water-way from Erie in the Great Lakes beyond, and he had chosen this as the spot for such a fort. From his starting point at Montreal, he had been accompanied by a guard of one hundred Algonquin Indians, and as the forces neared the final stopping place, the number of Indians increased until a small army of them drew their light canoes upon the sandy beach, and gave their assistance to the founding of a great city.

On the progress up the Ottawa River from Montreal to Lake Nipissing, and thence across that lake to its outlet, French River, and down that river and through the Georgian Bay to the final destination. Troubles and disagreements arose among the soldiers and colonists, and some of them were on the point of deserting or returning to their homes. It was rumored among them that Cadillac would never pay them for their services; that he would not permit

them to return to Montreal, or bring their families to Detroit. So a hundred rumors of the hardships that must sooner or later overtake them, were passed around the camp to discourage their further progress or to prompt them to turn back before their work was accomplished.

Before anything was done on the shores of the Detroit River, Cadillac called all of his people together, immediately upon their landing, and talked to them about these rumors of disaffection. He had been told that the leader and originator of these troubles was the Jesuit priest, Vaillant, who had been permitted, contrary to the wishes of Cadillac, to go with him from Montreal. He knew that this priest had been disappointed in not having the exclusive charge of the religious affairs of the company, for he had been allowed to come to Detroit only for the purpose of founding a mission among the Indians, while a Recollet priest, Nicolas Constantin de l'Halle, was selected as almoner to the settlement.

When Cadillac made known to his people his knowledge of their discontent, and asked them for the causes of it, Vaillant, who was present, found that his schemes had been discovered, and he immediately started for the woods to escape the wrath of the commandant and the people. He proceeded at once to Mackinac and never afterwards appeared at Detroit.

No Jesuit priest ever officiated at the place until within very recent times.

The foundation for the Church of Ste. Anne was begun on the day of the first landing, and we may well believe that the chanting of church services was started at once, and has been continued without interruption since, for even during the trying times of 1763, when the place was besieged by Pontiac, religious services were punctually attended to.

The early French and Canadian colonists were mostly uneducated farmers, voyageurs and coureurs de bois, who sought the great west because it gave them opportunities for employment with some hope

of bettering their condition in life. The commandant was obliged to make a report of the transactions of the place sufficient to keep his superiors informed as to the situation of affairs, but farther than these official reports, we have very little information regarding the daily life of the people. They wrote no letters to friends or relatives to tell them about the new country they had chosen for their homes. An occasional quarrel between parties reached the court at Quebec, but very little information can be derived from that source. The church records are very full and complete, but they are of such a nature that they give little information of the daily life of the community. The first Church of Ste. Anne that had been erected in 1701 was destroyed by fire in 1703, and with it the church record for the two years was consumed. This record contained the entry of the birth of a child to the commandant and his wife, the first white child born in Detroit, or probably west of Montreal. There can be little doubt that the birth of this child was the occasion of great and prolonged hilarity on the part of the entire community, for not only was it the first birth, but it was the birth of a child to the first and most important family in the settlement. From this time forward there are entries of marriages, births and deaths, each an occasion for mirth or sorrow, and the French people then, as now, permitted no occasion for mirth to escape them unnoticed.

The new-comers brought guns and gun flints, powder and ball for hunting.

In modern times, by custom brought down from the far away pioneer life, the one most skillful in using his gun at the annual tournaments is awarded a prize for his ability. That this custom prevailed as far back as the beginning of our history, there can be little doubt, and at such trials of skill we may well assume that they engaged in all sorts of athletic sports, as running, wrestling, rowing, bowling and arrow shooting. The flint arrow heads that we sometimes, even now, find in the fields around the

city, were quite difficult to make, and we cannot believe that the Indians used them on ordinary occasions. These arrows were reserved for special occasions, such as shooting to show their skill, where the arrow could be found and returned to the sender. A bird on the wing could be killed or wounded with such an arrow, but there would be more difficulty in killing, or even seriously wounding an animal of any considerable size.

Twice during the first eleven years of Detroit's history, the place was besieged by the Indians, once in 1705, and again in 1712, and on both occasions the savages sought to destroy the village by shooting arrows carrying balls of fire on the unprotected roofs of the houses. Both efforts failed because of the prompt action of the citizens and garrison in extinguishing the flames and in unroofing the houses. At the outset, the Indians did not have guns or powder. When they obtained guns, as they did within a few years, they were entirely dependent upon the French for powder and they could not conduct a war of any considerable length without the assistance of the French or Canadians. They became skillful marksmen, both with gun and bow, but no more skillful than the French.

The white and red natives mixed together as one people. They sometimes intermarried, but aside from this, the early white men who were trappers, hunters and traders, in the woods, lived with the savages on terms of perfect equality and their traits and habits of life became similar. The athletic sports were common to all natives, but there were some sports more peculiarly Indian in their character, such as rowing, swimming, and arrow shooting. Then there was lacrosse, a game at first peculiarly Indian, but which was soon adopted by the white men. They had dances of various forms suited to various occasions, such as war dances, medicine dances and dances at funerals. In their camps in the woods, to pass away the long evenings, the men had stag dances, such as, in more modern times, were

indulged in by the woodsmen in the lumber camps.

The Canadian boatmen were noted for their boat songs, and the long pulls through the placid waters of Lake Nipissing and the Georgian Bay were enlivened by the chorus of voices that kept time to the strokes of their oars and paddles.

"Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune, and our ears keep time,
Soon as the woods on the shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn,
Row, brothers, row! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!"
—*Moore's Canadian Boat Song.*

One hundred voices, rising and falling in unison, as they passed through the various rivers and lakes from Montreal to Detroit, gave notice to the savages that the march of civilization had begun. This crude music was a dreadful warning to them, if they had but understood it, that the ownership of the woods and streams, and control of the wilderness was about to pass into other hands, but they did not comprehend. They welcomed the new-comers to a home, a settlement, a new colony in the west.

The soldiers who came with Cadillac were Frenchmen who had entered the army in France and were therefore familiar with the soldiers' life in the old country. This life was not one of seclusion, or of toil only, but was interspersed with all the hilarity and joy making that could be obtained in such a situation and in such a life. They undoubtedly played all the games that were common in the day, such as quoits, bowling in the narrow streets of the village, card playing and other similar indoor amusements in inclement weather.

The houses of the first comers were very small and very crude. They were built of small logs set on end and driven into the ground far enough to make them stand firmly upright, and extending above the ground only six or seven feet, high enough to stand in. They were covered with skins, or with split rails, and then with grass or straw. The up-

rights were placed as closely together as possible and the interstices filled with clay or mud. They were seldom more than from twelve to eighteen feet in width and of about the same depth. There were no floors, except the earth beaten hard by many footsteps. No glass windows were in the place. The window openings were covered with the skin of some animal. This was translucent on most occasions, but the skin would thicken with age and exposure, and it was frequently necessary to scrape thinner or stretch it more in order to admit any light. The only large buildings in the place were the warehouse and church, and here all of the assemblies were held for entertainments. During the year 1701 there were no white women in the place, but the next year came Madam Cadillac, and with her came Madam Tonty, wife of Captain Alphonse de Tonty, and their children, and servants. From this time on, the wives of the former residents began to arrive, so that a full and complete community was soon here. There were many Indians, for Cadillac says that he fed six thousand mouths during the winter of 1701-2 and there were men, women, boys, girls, servants, and all that goes to make up a colony. They all attended church on Sunday and holy days, and as there were soon two or three hundred people, it will be seen that it was necessary to have a large building for church purposes.

The warehouse, also, was very large, for it contained not only all the food, utensils, clothing and other things brought up annually for the citizens and the savages, but also all the peltries and things that were collected to be sent down to Montreal in exchange. It was likely in this building that their indoor dances were held. They planted a May pole each year before the door of the commandant, and that occasion was also accompanied with dancing, but the kind of music they had is not mentioned.

The soldiers did not act as soldiers in garrison, but as citizens. They were each allowed a small tract of land outside the village enclosure which they

cultivated as gardens. Some of these patches along the east line of Randolph street can be readily traced, though more than two hundred years have passed since their original survey. Hunting and trapping, considered as amusements or pastimes with us, were the means of gaining a living in the time of the original colonists, so that they can scarcely be claimed in this list. Probably every man and boy in the settlement had his old flint lock blunderbuss, capable of making a telling effect at short distance. The owner was skilled in its use and seldom missed his mark. One of the chief employments in the village was the gunsmith, or armorer. Every youth, as well as every man, was skilled in the making of traps for catching wild animals of all kinds whose fur was good. Care was taken not to catch or kill out of season, for the woods were depleted rapidly enough without killing when the fur was worthless. There were no buffalo (or bison) in the immediate neighborhood of Detroit, but when the whites first settled here there was an abundance of deer, elk, bear, fox and smaller animals.

Everyone fished when fish were in season, which was most of the year. The fish were eaten fresh and none were salted down or exported. The rivers and lakes were so full of fish that none could be sold, either here or at Montreal or Quebec, and it was useless to undertake to export or to preserve them. The fishing was by line and spear only. The Indians made spearheads of flint, shaped something like the arrow head, but larger and much heavier. Even as late as the coming of the Americans in 1796, it was reported that the French people had no seines, though there was abundance of use for them. After Cadillac left Detroit in 1711, an inventory was taken of the personal property owned by him, and in this list was an item for "1050 large fishing hooks, barbed," thus showing the general use of this instrument in the colony.

The great number of flint arrowheads and spears found in and around the village indicate the methods

used by the savages in killing game and fish before the distribution of firearms and gun-powder among them. A large stock of gun flints and a supply of English muskets and French muskets was carried by the commandant in his storehouse.

A great quantity of goods was sent up to Detroit annually for sale or distribution among the Indians, and in this supply are to be found some things evidently intended for their amusement. In one place we find "one hundred small trumpets," possibly to permit the youthful Indian to blow on and make himself heard, as do the white youths of today. These trumpets may also have been used in sleighing or coasting parties on the ice and snow, or perhaps as signals in the woods, though the Indian whoop is generally supposed to have been sufficient for the latter purpose. As there was a drum in the settlement, these trumpets may have been used in connection with it to raise a crowd.

The invoice included thirty-six pounds of medium-size black glass beads, seventy-six and three-fourths pounds of large black beads, eight and three-fourths pounds of large green beads, streaked, thirty-three pounds of beads in strings of all colors. Evidently most of these articles were intended for sale to the Indians as ornaments, for a piece of gay-colored cloth, with a string of colored beads, would set off the dusky maiden to advantage, and make her the belle of the camp. The beads were the only form of glass present in these early times. There were no glass windows or mirrors for many years. An item of thirteen dozen small tin mirrors indicates an article used by both whites and Indians in making their toilets and in shaving, if the men of that day shaved at all. In the entire list there is nothing found to correspond with the modern razor, but in the list of property belonging to the Delisle family is included "one fine razor." Knives they had, shoemakers' knives, Flemish knives, woodcutters' knives, Siamese knives, large carving knives and other knives in abundance, but mention is made of only one

razor. Some of the presents to the Indians show their propensity for display, such as "a fine shirt with ruffles" and a "red coat ornamented with imitation gold lace." Smoking was a pastime enjoyed by both French and Indians. Tobacco was either raised here or brought here by the Indians from the warmer territory to the south of Lake Erie. A kind of Indian tobacco was made from the bark of the willow tree. Quantities of tobacco were used and there were many pipes or calumets in the storehouse. Some of them were common, every-day affairs and some were elaborate and expensive. Some were simply called "calumets" while others were put down as "large calumets of red stone, with their stems and plumes and stands to hold them." The large ones might have been used at the great council fires where the Indian treaties were discussed and arrived at.

Boats for use on the rivers and lakes could not be considered as instruments for amusement as at the present day, but as objects of necessity, for the only road in summer for all to travel was the water way, and the only vehicle, the canoe. These boats were made of the bark of trees, birch bark being preferable, or, for the larger boats, trunks of trees dug out or burned by slow fire. Great care had to be taken in all cases to see the work was perfect, for a boat which leaked was a great annoyance.

In later years one of the great pastimes in the winter was racing on the ice, but not at this early time. The Indians had no horses in this part of the country. If there were any wild horses they were far to the south and west, and were at that time unknown in the vicinity of Detroit.

Cadillac brought three horses to Detroit, but two of them died shortly after their arrival, and the only horse in the settlement in 1711 was the third animal and was called "Colon." All of the work necessary to be done by animals was performed by this horse and four oxen, also owned by Cadillac, and a few other oxen owned by some of the colonists.

In the immediate neighborhood of the village were several quite steep hills that might be utilized in the winter for coasting purposes, and perhaps Colon was employed to draw the coasters' sleds on the river ice, or up these hills or on the commons where the underbrush was cleared. There were no roads and very few smooth places fit for sleigh riding. This horse was occasionally used for horseback riding, as there were two pairs of old rowels mentioned, useless for any other purpose than to urge on this solitary steed. There were several carts or wagons, but all hand-made and heavily built for carrying merchandise, not people. There were some other domestic animals, for notice is made that the hogs and cattle were placed on Ile Ste. Magdelaine, the original French name for Belle Isle, for safe keeping. The island, however, took the name of Ile au Cochons (Hog Island) during Cadillac's time.

Perhaps the use of brandy, or eau-de-vie, as it was then called, could not be considered as an amusement, but it was an indulgence granted to the Canadians and French with only such restraints as they voluntarily threw around it. Its use was forbidden to the Indians. That is, efforts were continually being made by the priests and the government to prohibit the use by the savages, and Cadillac was inclined to carry out this restraint, but he said at the time, that the use of a small quantity of brandy with every meal of fish was a necessity for the white man, and so the stuff was included in the soldiers' rations. Cadillac considered himself above the common run of his colonists, and did not associate with them as with equals. He made grants to members of his own family of large tracts of land on the Detroit River, thousands of acres in extent, supposing that they would ultimately become seigneurs, or landed proprietors, living off the rents paid by their tenants for these lands. For himself, he desired the income of the village proper and the adjacent lands, with the title of Baron or Marquis of Detroit. He was disappointed in not obtaining

this concession. He imposed a tax or annual rental, payable to himself, on every piece of land he granted to the settlers. There were a few of his companions with whom he was on familiar terms, as with the priests, Captain Tonty and the Lieutenants, Chacornac and Dugue. Their amusements were somewhat different from those indulged in by the "common herd" and we find in Cadillac's home "eighteen swords with handles," probably used for fencing. He was well educated and familiar with the dramatic writings of his country, but it cannot be determined that any theatre or work of that character was undertaken at Detroit, though there are several references in his letters to the drama. He proposed to found a school, or college, at Detroit, to instruct his colonists and the Indians there assembled. He proposed to establish a hospital to be placed under the charge of the Hospitallers, a religious order of nuns, and he further asked permission to form the Indians in military companies and regiments, officered partly by themselves and in part by French soldiers. All of these proposals, so far in advance of his time, were frowned upon by the French government, and his requests were denied. There was one system adopted by him that outlasted his command and which continued in force some years. When he first came to Detroit, he supposed the entire trade of the place belonged to him, but the Company of the Colony of Canada soon laid claim to it, and a lawsuit followed, which continued for some time, and finally resulted in his favor. After this final determination, he annually sold to all of his people who desired, the right to sell goods to the Indians. These goods all came at one time in the fall of the year, and upon their arrival nearly every house in the village was filled with the new goods placed on exhibition and sale, to induce the Indians to exchange their furs for trinkets and cloths. This was a sort of annual fair that lasted three or four days at a time. At such times there collected at the place all the Indians in the

neighborhood, and there were thousands of them, and a general good time was held as long as the fair lasted. The fair was abandoned in the time of the command of Tonty, who died in office in Detroit in 1727, for he sold the right of trading to some Montreal merchants and they would not permit local dealers to share in the trade. A great noise was made about the discontinuance of the fair and it may have been revived in later years.

In 1710, Cadillac was appointed governor of Louisiana, but did not leave Detroit for his new post until the following year. His immediate successor was Charles Regnault, *Sieur Dubuisson*, but he only retained the position a few months pending the arrival of *De la Forest*.

During the first years of the settlement, the citizens were afraid of the Indians. Indeed, during the entire time of French, English and American occupation as late as 1832, when the Black Hawk War took place, the people living in the village were afraid of the uprising of the natives. The early French, however, became so accustomed to them, and to their ways of living, and so intimate with their home life, that they had considerable confidence in them. A very quiet and uneventful life they led for many years, though the troubles with the Indians in the early times, and the quarrels between the commanders and their Montreal creditors disturbed business to such an extent, that many of the people moved back to the eastern settlements, and the village decreased in size.

The grants of farm lands that had been made by Cadillac in 1707 and 1708 were annulled by the government, and the titles all reverted to the King in 1716. This discouraged the farmers, for they could not make improvements and build houses upon insecure titles, but in later years, new grants were made to actual settlers. Then began the revival. The farmers raised sufficient to maintain the settlements, but nothing was shipped down to Montreal. The traders purchased goods from below, and sold

them for furs, the chief commodity of exchange for a long time, but the orchards of apples yielded a larger supply of fruit than could be used at home, and cider began to be exported.

In 1734, the Royal Notary, Navarre, came here to reside. He was next in importance to the commandant, and his coming gave new life to the society of the settlement.

The second generation was now in control of affairs, and the number of young people in the village was greatly increased. With the years, the villagers had increased their worldly goods. They had horses and saddles, and a few French carts. A road was made along the river bank. Their houses were better constructed, and they lived better, and more independent. Most of the farmers lived on their farms part of the time, but retired to the village if the Indians threatened to trouble them. There was a garrison maintained at the post composed of people who were half soldiers and half artisans, for the soldier's pay was very small, and he eked out a subsistence by working at some trade, or as a gardener.

Even in Cadillac's time there were musicians in the garrison, for we have an account of the trial and the execution of a drummer in Cadillac's company, before they came to Detroit.

Some of the older citizens of today remember at the dances in their childhood, one of the instruments used was a Jewsharp. This instrument is no longer used for such purposes, but when it commenced to be employed is not recorded. In the absence of a better musical instrument, the flying feet might keep time to cleverly manipulated bone clappers.

St. Saveur was the drummer of the garrison in 1748, and in addition to his duties of furnishing music to the townspeople, he announced the public meetings, public auction sales, and other public events, by beating his drum in the principal streets of the village. This duty of giving public notices was also sometimes performed by a public bell ringer.

Notices of importance were given by this bell ringer proceeding through all the streets of the village calling out his news or notice. A written notice was also posted on the church door, though it is very probable that only a few citizens could either read or write.

There is mention in the early church records of Jean Baptiste Roucoux, first chanter and teacher in the Christian school, and in the public library in Detroit is an old account book, kept about the year 1750, which contains a piece of music evidently written about that date by Roucoux, or by Etienne Dubois, for use in the church service. Dubois performed the dual services of chanter and sexton.

It was in the Fall of 1760 that the English troops, under Major Robert Rogers, took possession of the fort and village. What a change this must have been, and how excited the people were. The little community that had existed so completely within itself for nearly sixty years that it had scarcely known what was going on in the great world without, was, in a day, without the firing of a gun, with but the parley of a few hours, converted from the quiet French community into a hustling English settlement. For sixty years Detroit's closest neighbors were Mackinac, Vincennes and Kaskaskia. She was at peace with the world, for she was unknown to the world. Now all was changed—and changed almost without warning. Armed troops marched into the settlement and took control of the village. Sentinels were posted at night to watch for foes, where no one had thought of watching before. Sentinels were marching all day and all night along the banquette of the palisade. The Indian trade was no longer carried on by the French people, for the new traders—the English, Irish and Scotch—had usurped the business and the former citizens were driven to their farms for a living.

It was not long, however, before a better feeling came between the Canadians and the English. The young and unmarried girls and women of the post

soon became acquainted with the young soldiers in the garrison, and they were willing instructors and scholars in learning, each the language of the other. Every effort was made to conciliate the conquered Canadians, to make them feel at home with the master nation.

The next year after the conquest (1761) Sir William Johnson paid a visit to Detroit, and his coming was followed by a period of entertainments that lasted until he left the settlement. Each day was filled with the work of seeing the French people and getting acquainted with them, and in meeting the Indians and talking to them, purchasing their friendship, which lasted only as long as they could see the benefit of the purchase price.

Johnson kept a journal of his trip and we find this entry under the date of Sunday, September 6th: "A very fine morning. This day I am to dine with Captain Campbell, who is also to give the ladies a ball that I may see them. They assembled at 8 o'clock at night to the number of about twenty. I opened the ball with Mademoiselle Curie—a fine girl. We danced until 5 o'clock the next morning." He had the name of the young lady wrong, but it was quite as near as he could be expected to get the peculiar French name "Cuillerier." This was Angelique Cuillerier, daughter of Antoine Cuillerier dit Beaubien. The baronet remained some time in the place, and was the subject of repeated entertainments. He writes that he took a ride before dinner towards Lake St. Clair. "The road runs along the river side which is thickly settled nine miles." "The French gentlemen and the two priests who dined with us got very merry. Invited them all to a ball tomorrow night, which I am to give to the ladies." Here again he met the same young lady—evidently by appointment. He writes: "In the evening the ladies and gentlemen all assembled at my quarters, danced the whole night until seven o'clock in the morning, when all parted very much pleased and happy. Promised to

write to Mademoiselle Curie as soon as possible, my sentiments; there never was so brilliant an assembly here before."

A strenuous life Sir William led in these few weeks in Detroit, but a more strenuous time he would have led upon his return to his old home if his Indian wife (or housekeeper, as he calls her in his will), Molly Brant, had known of his doings at Detroit. It was well for her peace of mind, and well for his personal safety, that she was kept in ignorance, for it is said that she had an ungovernable temper and was a terror when her will was crossed. She was a sister of Joseph Brant, the great Iroquois chief, and was the mother of ten children by Sir William Johnson.

Angelique, the little French girl who, with her pretty face, her jet-black hair, her bright eyes, her winning ways and her broken English, had won the heart of the baronet, was not left long to pine for his absence.

James Sterling, a young Scotchman, who had come with the garrison and who was the storekeeper in the post, soon became the instructor of the French damoiselle in the English language, while he received instructions in French from her. In 1763 when Pontiac was conspiring to surprise and murder the garrison, Angelique learned of his plans, and told her lover, who, in turn, informed Major Gladwin, and the surprise, so cleverly planned, was prevented and the garrison saved.

Sterling and Angelique were married shortly after this, and although they remained many years in Detroit, they were the steadfast friends of the Colonies during the Revolutionary War. Both husband and wife suffered for our cause, and were driven from their Detroit home, never to return.

The news of peace between France and England, of 1763, was brought to Detroit in a very peculiar way. The village was besieged by the Indian Pontiac and his Hurons. So closely were the English confined within the palisades of the village, that they

did not dare open the gates or go beyond the portals. George McDougall, who had ventured to go to Pontiac, upon his assurances of personal protection, was a prisoner among the Indians. A letter was brought from Niagara to Major Gladwin, who was in command at Detroit, notifying him of the conclusion of peace between England and France. The bearer of this letter was killed by the Indians, and the note taken from him and given to Pontiac. The latter called upon McDougall to read it, and Pierre Chene Labutte interpreted it to the Indians. McDougall succeeded in keeping the paper, and on the night of June 2, 1763, he let another white prisoner take the letter, and run with it from the Indian encampment to the Fort. This messenger arrived entirely naked, bearing only the very welcome message of peace, at three o'clock in the morning. Upon being admitted to the Fort, his message was received and read, and the account states that upon the following evening there was an instrumental concert to celebrate the arrival of the welcome news.

Just a month later, McDougall managed to escape from the Indians, and ran into the fort in much the same manner as the messenger who had escaped.

Until the coming of the English in 1760, the affairs of the village were mostly managed by the commandant, but Englishmen had little idea of vesting authority in a single individual. They wanted to be governed by the laws, not by individuals. They wanted trials by jury, not the will of the commandant. For the first few years they had enough to occupy their attention in maintaining a semblance of friendship with the Canadians and Indians, but occasionally some other trouble arose that they had to attend to.

The place was in the Indian country, and was not subject to the laws of England except as the people applied these laws. Criminals from other places fled to Detroit to escape punishment. Several crimes of magnitude were committed at Mackinac and Detroit, and some executions for murder and stealing took

place here. A man named Schindler was accused of selling base metal for silver, and was tried before the local justice and was acquitted by a jury chosen to try him, but the English governor, Hamilton, was so impressed with the man's guilt, that he ordered him drummed out of the settlement. There was, at that time, a quarrel between the governor and the lieutenant who was in command of the garrison, and the latter would not permit the drummer to beat his drum while passing through the citadel where the soldiers were.

At the public execution or hanging of a man convicted of murder, the band of musicians from the garrison surrounded the scaffold and played airs suitable to such a solemn occasion.

During the Revolutionary War, there were parties of Indians and white men constantly going from Detroit to seek out the settlements on the borders of the colonies, destroying the houses and making prisoners of and murdering the inhabitants.

It is not recorded that any instruments of music were taken on these incursions, for their success depended upon their stealth, and a noise might betray their coming and prevent that unforeseen attack that they were desiring. The Indian war-whoop was practiced by both whites and reds, for signals as they required. The scalping of Indians by white men was quite as common as the scalping of the whites by the Indians.

Major DePeyster, who was in command in Detroit during a portion of this war, writes May 26, 1780: "Everything is quiet here except the constant noise of the war drum. All the seigneures are arrived at the instance of the Shawnese and Delawares. More Indians from all quarters than ever before known, and not a drop of rum."

DePeyster was something of a poet and several short poems of his relate to his life at Mackinac, Detroit and Niagara. One poem is devoted to carioling or racing on the ice on the River Rouge. Everyone who had a horse was present. The festivities of

the occasion were under the management of Guillaume LaMothe, a Frenchman who was an officer in the Indian department. A feast followed the race, which was enjoyed by the officers and their wives and guests. Much drinking was indulged in, and the party was hilarious. The poet, with unusual poet's license, had the wild bears and deer come from the woods and watch the pleasure seekers at their camp:

"The goblet goes round, while sweet echo's repeating,
The words which have passed through fair lady's lips;
Wild deer (with projected long ears) leave off eating,
And bears sit attentive, erect on their hips."

"The fort gun proclaims when 'tis time for returning,
Our pacers all eager at home to be fed;
We leave all the fragments, and wood clove for burning,
For those who may drive up sweet River Red."

DePeyster, although the military commandant, was, in truth, the civil commandant as well, for the lieutenant-governor, Hamilton, the civil governor, was a prisoner of war at Williamsburg, Virginia, when DePeyster came to Detroit. Hamilton had been governor of Detroit for some three years, when, in the fall of 1778, he concluded to go to Vincennes to drive the rebels from the Ohio country. He utterly failed of his purpose, and was captured by General George Rogers Clark in the early part of 1779. The French inhabitants of Detroit were never cordially friendly to the British and when the news of the capture of Hamilton reached the place, the French were so elated that they held a three days' feast of rejoicing and building of bonfires to show their pleasure. This was the report made at the time, though it can probably be taken *cum grano salis*.

We have not sufficient data to tell just when William Forsyth came to Detroit, but we find him at an early date keeping a tavern or place of entertainment on Ste. Anne street in the old village. He owned a lot adjoining the citadel, on which he had erected a bowling alley and pleasure resort.

Probably the building also had a billiard table, for we know there were such tables in the country. The lot was wanted by the government to extend its barracks, and Forsyth was compelled to move out, and petitioned Governor Haldimand for damages for the loss of his property. As the bowling alley was a desirable adjunct to the pleasure resorts of the place, it was opened in another locality.

When the War of the Revolution came to a close, it was agreed that Detroit should become a part of the United States, and should be vacated by British soldiers. But Great Britain thought that if she could hold on a few years, the States would quarrel among themselves, and she could repossess herself of the country because of their contentions. She was fooled in this, but nevertheless managed to retain possession of Detroit until 1796. In the meantime, the place was governed by the law-makers of Canada, as if it belonged to that dominion. In 1791, Canada was divided into Upper and Lower Canada, and in the fall of 1792, there was held in Detroit an election for members of the Provincial Parliament of Upper Canada. This parliament was divided into two houses, the upper, called the Council, the members of which were appointed, and the lower, the Assembly, the members of which were elected.

In the upper house, there was one member from Detroit, Alexander Grant, known also as Commodore Grant, for he had charge of the entire navy on Lakes Erie, Huron and Michigan, during the Revolution.

The members elected to the lower house were William Macomb, uncle to our General Alexander Macomb, and David William Smith, who lived at Niagara. Smith attempted, at first, to gain his election as representing the county of Essex, but at this election he was defeated by Francois Baby. This election took place August 20, 1792, and after his defeat his friends put him up for election in the

County of Kent, which included the village of Detroit. The election was held August 28, 1792, and here he was successful.

The letters I have from him were written before either election took place, and were indited upon the supposition, or expectation, that he would win at the Essex election. As this was the first and only election to parliament ever had at Detroit, the description Mr. Smith gives of what he expects will take place is quite interesting: "Perhaps I should have done better to have set up for one of the seats in Detroit, as I hear only of Mr. Macomb who is to be proposed; but I did not then know they would be entitled to vote; besides were I thrown out on the 20th, I might have a chance on the 28th. The French people can easily walk to the hustings, but my gentry will require some conveyance; if boats are necessary, you can hire them, and they must not want beef or rum, let them have plenty—and in case of success, I leave it to you which you think will be best for my friends, a public dinner and the ladies a dance, either now or when I go up. If you think the moment the best time, you will throw open Forsyth's tavern and call for the best he can supply. I trust you will feel very young on the occasion, in the dance, and I wish that Leith and you would push about the bottle to the promotion of the settlements on the Detroit. The more broken heads and bloody noses there are, the more election like, and in case of success (damn that if) let the white ribbon favors be plentifully distributed to the old, the young, the gay, the lame, the cripple and the blind. Half a score cord of wood piled hollow, with tar barrel in the middle, on the common, some powder and plenty of rum. I am sure you will preside over and do everything that is needful. As far as my circumstances will admit there must be no want, and I am sure you will have everything handsome and plentiful. Elliot, I am sure, will give you a large red flag to be hoisted on a pole near the bon-fire, and some blue colored tape may be sewed in large letters, 'ESSEX.'

"Thus talked the woman to herself when she carried her eggs on her head to the market. She sat them, she hatched them, she sold them for a crown apiece, and then down she fell, eggs and all."

At another time he writes: "Have proper booths erected for my friends at the hustings; employ Forsyth to make a large plumb cake, with plenty of fruit, &c., and be sure let the wine be good and plenty."

"Let the peasants have a fiddle, some beverage and beef."

Jean Baptiste Beaubien, one of the founders of Chicago, and a noted fiddler at every dance in the early years of that village, was born in Detroit September 5, 1787. He was a cousin of Angelique Cuillerier.

The change of government finally came in 1796, when the English left and the Americans came in. It was not an unexpected change, and yet it made such an impression on the Canadian citizens who left the place rather than submit to the American rule, that they gave it the name of the "Exodus," a name by which it is familiarly known among their descendants even today.

The new-comers were from New York and New England stock, and they brought with them some new ideas, amusements and holidays. Perhaps Christmas and the king's birthday were observed by the older residents, but now came the Fourth of July, and Thanksgiving Day, with its pumpkin pies, cider, and doughnuts. If the roasting of new corn and potatoes was unknown in Detroit before this era, it certainly was not afterwards. Stoves were not invented in time to be of general use in Detroit until as late, or even later, than the Exodus. The family baking was not done at home, but at the public bakehouse, but every girl and boy was so familiar with the fireplace and uncovered fire, that the roasting of corn and potatoes was no great novelty, though it was always a pleasure.

Then what of the husking bee, and the privilege of the fortunate finder of the red ear of corn, who was permitted to kiss the girl of his choice—if he could catch her. Did that come from New England, or was it indigenous to the soil that could yield a corn crop?

The hunting of nuts in the fall by groups of children or of grown folks could not have originated at that time, though it was doubtless engaged in, as it had been for a century before. Of wild grapes and berries of all varieties there was an abundance, and it did not need much of an education to instruct the young folks in the idea of having a crowd to do berrying and enjoy the fun, and every day was a picnic.

There were probably few, if any, two-story buildings in the vicinity of Detroit before 1796, but after that date they began to increase in numbers, and on the occasion of the erection of each new building there was the raising bee of neighbors accompanying the work with a boiled dinner for the crowd, and perhaps something a little stronger than water in the way of beverage.

There was a harpsichord in the settlement some years prior to the opening of the new century. Just when this musical instrument was brought to Detroit is uncertain, but it was there long before the year 1799, for at that date it was represented to be in a dilapidated condition. It was the property of Dr. William Harpfy. Harpfy was a surgeon in the British garrison, and when the Exodus took place in 1796, he was moved to the new establishment at Malden, and he took his harpsichord with him. Among his most intimate friends at Detroit were John Askin and Commodore Alexander Grant. Grant had been commodore of the lakes during the Revolution and was, in 1792, appointed one of the members of the executive council for Upper Canada—a life position. John Askin was an extensive trader at Detroit, and brother-in-law of Grant. Grant lived at Grosse Pointe and there had a castle

well filled with young lady daughters. There were ten in all, of whom nine grew to womanhood, Therese (Mrs. Wright), Nellie, Archange (married Thomas Dickson), Phillis (married Alexander Duff), Isabella (married Mr. Gilkison), Nancy (married George Jacob), Elizabeth (married James Woods), Mary Julia (married Mr. Milles), and Jean Cameron (married William Richardson). The absence of any of the ten from the family circle could hardly be noticed, for the deficiency was filled by the cousins, daughters of John Askin. Of these cousins, frequent visitors at the Grant castle, there were Adelaide Askin (afterwards the wife of Elijah Brush); Therese, who married Colonel Thomas McKee; Ellen, the wife of Richard Pattinson, and Archange, who became Mrs. Meredith, and removed to England with her husband, who was an officer in the British forces.

The first record we have of this harpsichord is contained in a letter from Dr. Harpfy to his friend John Askin. Harpfy was somewhat eccentric and quite voluble in his letter writing. This letter is dated October 17, 1799, and after dilating on various other matters, he turns his attention to the subject of music, and says "Curse the music. I wish it was sold. I care not for what, as all my wants and wishes to attain are not worth the pains or trouble to my friends. You will favor me if it could be in any way disposed of."

It seems that the subject of the sale of this instrument had been talked over on some previous occasion between Askin and Harpfy, for the latter again writes: "In looking over your letter of the 14th, I thank you for your very great kindness in regard to the harpsichord—but I am told it is a mere wreck—therefore, as I have mentioned before, I wish it sold."

What more proper place for such a piece of furniture than the castle of Commodore Grant, where it could receive the attention of so many young ladies. Harpfy and Askin concluded that the castle

was in need of just such an article, and one day, when one of the commodore's boats was at Malden, they slipped the instrument aboard and it was soon landed at Grosse Pointe. Then came the fun. It was so old and dilapidated that it was useless and in the way. No one wanted it. Only the old friendship existing between Grant and Harpfy prevented the former from casting the musical instrument into "outer darkness." Grant complained to the doctor and asked him to take the piece away from his home. Harpfy had occasion to visit Sandwich and wanted to cross the river and see Askin in Detroit, but the ferry was not running very regularly, and the doctor was not feeling very well—he had been sick and was now slowly recovering. Instead of visiting Askin, he wrote him a long letter on various matters, and as a postscript, touched on the subject of the instrument: "October 28th. 9 o'clock at night. I really am sorry that the harpsichord was put in Mr. Grant's boat, for he talks about it—Gods, how he talks about it." The joke had been carried too far and Grant would not overlook it, or allow it to proceed further. The instrument must be removed, and that at once. So Askin sent for it, and had it taken to one of his storehouses in the village, where it was taken care of. Askin lived on the front of his farm, not far from the intersection of Atwater and Randolph streets. Atwater street was the only highway to the country on the east side, and the well-to-do class of citizens lived in the neighborhood. Here Askin owned several buildings, and, besides, he had several houses and buildings in the village proper. The last we hear of the instrument that came so near being an instrument of discord, is a note in a letter from Dr. Harpfy to Mr. Askin, dated November 5, 1799, where he writes, "I thank you for your care of the harpsichord. I wish it could be sold."

In 1799 there was an election held in Detroit for members of the Legislature, that met at Chillicothe, and Solomon Sibley, then a young attorney at Detroit, was one of the candidates. Voting then was not

by secret ballot, as now, but every one gave the name of his candidate as he came up to vote. The voter's name was taken down, and his qualifications for suffrage were also frequently indicated.

At the election referred to, some opponent of Judge Sibley kept such a record of the persons who voted for him and from this list I have taken a few names of persons whose descendants are still here.

Antoine Dequindre, who was, at that time, the owner of the farm extending along the westerly line of Dequindre street, is thus mentioned, "Has given his creditors all he has; the farm on which he lives is the property of his wife."

Christian Clemens, the founder and owner of Mount Clemens, "Has no property known."

Ezra F. Freeman, then one of the principal lawyers in the place, "Has no property in the country."

James Henry, an uncle of the late D. Farrand Henry. He was, at the time of his death, one of the wealthy citizens of the place, "Lives at Grosse Isle. Lately liberated from the Indians; lives on the estates of the late Macomb."

Elijah Brush, the founder of the Brush family, and the owner of the Brush farm, "Lately arrived; has no property known."

Sibley was elected over James May, and served in the legislature with Jacob Visger and Charles Francois Chabert de Joncaire.

This brings us to the beginning of the second century of the life of our city. Its population had increased from the one hundred who came at the start to some eighteen hundred who lived in the place, and along the shore line on both sides of the river.

Now we are well on in the third century of our existence.

We look back upon these happy days and sigh as we remember that the simple life—the simple pleasures—and the simple folks of this long ago, are no longer with us, and cannot be found in the tumult of our great city. I thank you.

TOASTMASTER: It is with peculiar pleasure that we welcome into our circle tonight Rev. Dr. Marquis. (Applause.) Formerly a minister who belonged to a denomination; now he belongs to the community. (Applause.) I love to recall a book-store conversation with the late Bishop Harris, in which he remarked—suggested by the volume that he had been glancing at, “The essential matters are not those that are peculiar to one denomination, but those that are common to all denominations.” It is this liberal spirit, now so prominent among the leading clergymen of the country everywhere, that is doing so much for the good of the American people. You know that all the great religious ideas of the world had their origin in Asia. They flourished and became differentiated, and finally became hostile, even to death, in Europe; and it is the mission of the United States to harmonize these formerly hostile religious ideas upon a higher plane of beneficial service and practical utility to mankind; not the monotony of unity, but harmony in variety; hastening the day when swords shall be beaten into plowshares, and spears into pruning-hooks, when societies of wars and revolution shall be messengers of peace, and of law and of order. A marquis, in the old feudal time, was the officer who was responsible for the frontiers, and our own Marquis has prominently carried the flag of intellectual and religious freedom far in advance upon the frontiers of modern thought. We are fortunate, tonight, in closing our program, in having a talk from Dr. Marquis, upon Patriotism. (Applause.)

DR. MARQUIS: Mr. Toastmaster and Gentlemen, I promise you, that the very best thing about my address tonight will be,—if I can make it so, and get out of my preachifying habit,—its brevity.

PATRIOTISM

ADDRESS BY

REV. SAMUEL S. MARQUIS, D. D.

The subject of patriotism is one that I am well aware is familiar to you gentlemen of this organization, and the idea that is embodied in that word is, I know, very familiar to us all. Yet, I think that the most familiar words are those that, after all, convey in them a lost meaning. I have wondered, as I have been thinking over this topic, whether the real idea of patriotism is one, after all, that is very clear in our minds. We ordinarily think of patriotism, I think, as that which is manifested in men under test, or in times of danger. We think of the patriot, too often, as a man who takes a musket upon his shoulder and goes to the front when his country is threatened. But I am not quite sure but what a higher patriotism is that which is manifested by a citizen in time of peace. Our patriotism, I think, is a good deal like our religion. If it were possible that the Turks should land in this country and attempt to force their religion upon us, by force of arms, I doubt not there would be thousands and hundreds of thousands of those who are nominally Christian, who would be willing to lay down their lives to prevent a thing of that kind. In other words, they would die for Christ, but you could not get many of them to live for Him. And there are a great many of us, I think, that perhaps would die for our patriotism, but it would be very difficult for us to really rise to a higher station and live for it. Because I take it, that it takes a higher order of man to be a patriot in peace than to be a patriot in war.

Now, I am only going to simply outline what I had in mind to say to you tonight, and leave you to think it over. I want to draw a distinction in my own mind between what seems to me to be the true and false patriot. To illuminate that which is false, let me simply briefly cite some three or four kinds of false patriot.

There is the patriot of the hot-air kind, if you will pardon the slang phrase. He is the man who takes it all out in boasting about his country, and especially about the bigness of it. If you mention a soap factory that you have seen in England, he knows of a bigger one in America. If you talk about the champagne of France, it is not anything to compare with the champagne that is made in California. There is always something of a bigger or better character in his own country. He is entirely satisfied, apparently, with the bigness and superiority of his country and that boastfulness of his takes, in his mind, the place of loyalty, or patriotism. There are those who are satisfied with anything and any place, but it is not an indication that a man is a patriot because he is satisfied with the country in which he lives.

It reminds me of what, possibly, to you is an old story, of the two Irishmen who happened to pass out of this life together, or very nearly together. One went up the grand stairway, and the other down. After a number of centuries had passed by, they chanced to meet one day upon the landing. Pat says to Mike, "How do you loike it up there?" Mike says, "It is foine, they gave me a job that I was on to before I went; I have been paving the streets, and it is a nice clean job, just layin' gold bricks. There is not many of us up there, and we have to work tin hours a day." Then he says to Pat, "How do you loike it down where you are?" "Well," replied Pat, "I loike it very well, they gave me a job I am on to; I have been tinding furnace ever since I went down there." "But," says Mike, "it is a nasty, dirty job; don't you wish you had the one I have?" "Oh, I don't know," says Pat, "there are so many of us

down there that we only have to work seventeen minutes once in thirty-six years." (Laughter.)

There is a certain kind of satisfaction that a man can drum up about his country, and possibly let it pass for patriotism.

Then there is the patriotism that manifests itself in a form of loyalty for one's political party. You will meet the man who is sure that the man who does not vote as he is voting, is somehow or other a traitor, that is all there is to it, there is no way around it, if he does not believe in a tariff, or free trade; and if he does not believe in the gold standard, or in 16 to 1, or whatever the case may be, he is dead sure that *he* is on the side of the patriots, and that voting as he does is the thing. That is the evidence of that fact. And so, you may go along the line. There are these false standards of patriotism, these false ways of expressing it, and many of us, I fear, have not gotten quite beyond these standards.

Now, briefly, my idea of a patriot is a man who stands for these three things: First of all, for the ideals that lie behind and were in the minds of the men who were the founders of this country. In the second place, the man who loves the people of his country, not simply its mountains and its streams, or some particular state, or some particular city or village, or the farm on which he was born, but a man who really loves the people of his country, and who is willing to rise above selfishness, and to do everything in his power for the good of his country, and for the good of the whole of the people of that country. And in the third place, the man who feels that the nation is as sacred as the church, or the family, and that his duties as a citizen are just as divine and sacred as any of the duties that can possibly fall to man.

Now, briefly, let me just dwell upon these three things for two or three minutes. First of all, as to the ideals. You men know more about these things, because you are students of these things, and you

come of a line of ancestors that naturally lead you into that study. You are more familiar with them than I am myself; but as I read the history of this country, there were three currents or three streams of blood that really unite in the heart of this nation; three ideals or ideas that, somehow or other, mingle in the mind of the nation. There was the ideal in the blood of the Puritan; there was the ideal in the blood of the Quaker, there was the ideal in the blood of the Cavalier. You know what the ideals are, and what the ideas were that come down to us from the Puritan, with his religious intensity, with his ethical standard, with his sense of native independence, and with his business push and tact. Yet, I sometimes think, if the old Puritan were to come back and look over his descendents, that he would find today that possibly the characteristic, or chief thing that he has stamped upon, and that has been left upon his descendents is, after all, his business sense. That the moral or ethical standard which he carried into it, his religious sense, that those things are waning, and that peculiar business instinct which he had, and which put New England at the front, and which has made his descendents men of progress in the commercial world everywhere, that this was not the thing, above everything else, that has survived.

Now, I think that the patriot, or the man who is a descendent of the Puritan, owes it to his forefathers to keep alive, not simply the business instinct, but that we, as patriots, if we are true, must stand more and more for the ideals of the fathers, so far as the moral ideals, or ethical standard which he dare carry into his every-day life. We need that in the nation's life today.

Going to the Quaker, we find him standing among other things, especially for this, for toleration. I mean, not simply tolerance of another's religious views, but tolerance in the widest sense of the word. I sometimes think that we sometimes do not quite understand what tolerance means. We

have gotten a kind of free and easy way in these days. We think we are tolerant, but I think we are indifferent, and there is quite a difference between the two, just as there is a difference between liberty and license. A man is not tolerant who has not any ideas of his own. It was not because the Quaker did not believe, but it was because he did believe, that he could afford to be tolerant. The greatest sceptic on God's earth is the man who is afraid to let another man fully comprehend that which he believes. It is simply because he has not faith or confidence in his own conviction that he is afraid of another man's conviction or difference from him. It is because a man does believe, that he can afford to be tolerant. If I believe, for example, that I may stand forth just as true in anything, I can afford to let another man have his opinions. Let time test the truth. I do not have to uphold it, I do not have to stand behind it in that sense. The test of time will tell, and I can leave it to that. And I think, that along with the Quaker ideal that we should be careful that we have gotten it, not simply a mere tolerance or mere indifference, but that we should have convictions, as men, for which we stand.

And last of all, the ideal that came from the Cavalier. You know the charm and courtliness of his life and all that, but here is one of the strong contradictions in American history, it seems to me. You know it was the Virginia planter who proposed, first of all, a Union as opposed to a loose confederacy, if I remember rightly. It was the great Cavalier Washington who gave us the idea of a Union. Yet, in later years if I remember rightly, it was some of the New England colonies that stood out a long time against that idea. But the strange thing and contradiction in the history is, that later on when the nation met, north and south, upon the field of battle, the Cavalier's descendents were contending for the confederacy, and those of the north for the Union. In both armies there may have been certain interests of a selfish character that came into

it, whatever they were, I cannot tell, but we have inherited from him from the south, in his idea and conception of the Union, the Nation for which it seems to me every patriot must stand.

I want, just briefly, to speak of one other thing, and that is, that a man who is a patriot, loves the people of his country. We have a song called "My Own United States", in which we speak about loving every blade of grass, and every flowing stream and rill, and all that kind of thing, and I tell you there is a great deal of patriotism that does not go any further than just that. It is just a kind of sentiment about the country, a sort of home feeling that we have here, and it is something that anybody can have. The question, it seems to me, of love of one's country is not simply a question of whether you love Michigan as a State. It is whether you love the people. It is whether a man is really big enough, and unselfish enough to be standing for the highest interests of all the people, and not simply for himself or for his own individual interests. When you come to the manifestation of that love, here is one of the reasons, one of the things that makes me think that patriotism is not strong, or as strong as it ought to be in this country. When you come to the manifestation of patriotism which, in its last analysis, is love of the whole people of your country, how can you manifest it? You can manifest it in but only one way, that is in service; but it seems to me that one of the evidences that we are lacking in the highest form of patriotism in these things is the evidence that men, oftentimes like yourselves, who are descendents of the men who helped found this nation, are today not giving yourselves to the service of the community as you should give yourselves. It is almost impossible to get men of higher interests and higher ability to give up a little bit of their time. I do not mean to go down and serve at Washington, or even to go and serve at Lansing, but to serve right here in the City of Detroit for the higher interests of the people. Pat-

riotism like love, begins at home, and a man cannot claim to be a patriot who is a patriot only when the nation is in danger, and refuses to be a patriot when his city needs his individual support and help. So I simply leave—putting out all other thoughts—that one idea, as a test of your patriotism, and of mine, as to whether or not we are patriots in fact, whether we love enough our own people, to give them here, in our own community, our best, our highest service. I thank you. (Applause.)

TOASTMASTER: Without further formality, we will bring our delightful and profitable evening to a close.

